

the war cry

No. 4429

OCTOBER 11, 1969

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND BERMUDA



A Time for Thanksgiving

Chill in the air,
Shortening days,
Winter ahead —
Apprehension?

Change is a part of life
Seasonal and inevitable.
Accept it.

Welcome once more
This softening phase of
Life's renewing processes:
Part of God's purposeful plan-
ning.

With the cooling and the quieting
Comes the fall colouring;
God gives us eyes to see
By sunset glow.

May He teach us
That all events and circumstances
Fit into a harmonious pattern
For our good.

This is no time for forebodings;
Rather, for creative reaction,
A time for thanksgiving.

October 11, 1969

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IN THIS ISSUE



"Autumnal" adaptation

ON Thanksgiving Day those who have a abundant material blessings should be thinking hard about those who have not — you can read about them on page eleven, and the contrast is pictured on page thirteen. Perhaps the Chinese story on page twelve may prompt a similar personal effort by our readers on behalf of a needy neighbour.

The front-page picture of the elderly couple, walking with the dying leaves around them, and Mrs. Hadzalic's prayer (page five) present the "autumnal" problem of declining powers and the possibility of a positive attitude of acceptance and adaptation to changed circumstances. On the same page Brigadier McMillan reminds us of the challenges and opportunities that every season brings.

Although written more than eighty years ago, Catherine Booth's warning (page eight) about the consequences of refusing to adapt our methods in the preaching of the gospel is timely for today. What would her reactions be, we wonder, to the questions about Sunday worship raised on page ten?

EDITORIAL:

The Grace of Gratitude

ON occasion the Jewish prophets told God's chosen people that the Almighty abominated their appointed feasts. Then what does God feel about Thanksgiving Day?

It has been said that the worst moment for an atheist is when he is really thankful and has nobody to thank. It is true that those who seldom, if ever, give thanks to God — even on Thanksgiving Day — cut themselves off from an enriching experience. On the other hand those who acknowledge God's goodness underestimate His evaluation of their praise. The practice of saying grace at the meal table could well be extended to an expression of thanks for communion with friends, a symphony or a beautiful view.

There is probably far less ingratitude in the world than is commonly maintained. It is there, but too infrequently expressed. Although our hearts are warmed by the unexpected small token of appreciation, we usually forget this and value too low the effect our gratitude may have upon others.

In the story of the ten lepers the one who returned to thank Jesus for the healing had the happy habit of acting immediately upon a good impulse. The other nine probably felt grateful but were in too much of a hurry to attend to all the new business their healed condition demanded. They hoped for a future opportunity for expressing thanks, but it never came.

Albert Schweitzer expressed it this way: "A great deal of water is flowing underground which never comes up as a spring. In that thought we may find comfort. But we ourselves must try to be the water which does find its way up; we must become a spring at which men can quench their thirst for gratitude."

Thanksgiving Day should rebuke the frugality of our courtesy to God and our neighbours.

Dignity and Serenity

"EACH time I have met him, I have been struck by the way he stands out in a crowd — even in a group of distinguished people. And it isn't only his tall figure that makes him distinctive. He has a quiet dignity and serenity that gives him stature. He is serious-faced, but with an ever-ready, friendly smile, and a deep sonorous voice. Even in a company of men wearing the same navy-blue uniform as himself, he can be picked out as a leader . . ."

Derek Birnage, editor of "The Sunday Companion," wrote that. As most Salvationists who have met General Coutts will recognize, the description was of the Army's retired Leader. Of the many tributes paid to the General in his retirement meetings, as in the report printed below, perhaps the above is an apt summary of the impression he has left on the public at large.

"CURTAINS" FOR GENERAL COUTTS

THE last two weeks of active service for General Frederick Coutts were in the nature of a valedictory tour of the British Isles where he had spent most of his career.

Prior to conducting the congress meetings in Denmark he had already visited Blackpool Citadel, his first appointment as an officer, to lead the weekend meetings. From Copenhagen he went to his native country to address the Scottish Congress in Glasgow. The three-day event culminated in a spectacular tribute, arranged by Bandmaster Alex Thain, M.B.E., O.F., entitled "This is your life, General Coutts." It had all the elements of surprise found in the popular TV programme it emulated.

Next day north-of-England Salvationists paid their respects in a farewell gathering held at Newcastle Temple, the hall in which the General was married in 1925. On the Wednesday it was the turn of the southwest to give their greetings in a gathering at Bristol Citadel. Saturday was spent in the Midlands at Nottingham, the Founder's City. On Sunday and Monday General Coutts was with students at the International College for Officers and the International Training College. Then another visit was made to the North for a farewell meeting in Manchester. The curtains finally closed at a great rally at the Royal Albert Hall, London.

On his last day as the Chief of the Staff, before succeeding General Coutts as the Army's International Leader, Commissioner Erik Wickberg competently led

this enthusiastic meeting. He catalogued the outstanding events of the General's six years in office and finally paid this tribute: "It was good to work with you; it was enriching and satisfying. I shall not forget you, General. I salute you!"

The British Commissioner (Commissioner Albert Mingay) in his address told General Coutts: "We thank you for the man you are." Revealing that the farewelling Leader is to take up residence in St. Albans, Commissioner Emma Davies (R) welcomed him both to the ranks of the retired officers and to the St. Albans Corps.

During the meeting General Coutts conducted the swearing-in of a group of new senior soldiers of the four London divisions and the enrolment of a boy and girl from Romford as junior soldiers.

Lucidly, and with thought-captivating conviction, General Coutts portrayed the image of the Army seen in the first half of its history in the personality of William Booth. But the pres-

ent-day image was no longer of one man, he said. It is a compound of a multitude of actions of Salvationists at grass-roots level in every-day living."

The retiring Leader led the closing song, gave the benediction and saluted. The International Staff Band struck up "God be with you till we meet again." The General saluted again, said "Amen" and departed.

PICTURES FOR DISPLAY

CORPS which have display facilities may be interested in a photoservice which for several years has been operating from the Army's Editorial Department in Amsterdam, Holland.

A set of twelve photographs of Salvation Army international activities, with English and Dutch captions is issued quarterly.

The price of each set including postage is \$4.50; or \$18.00 yearly.

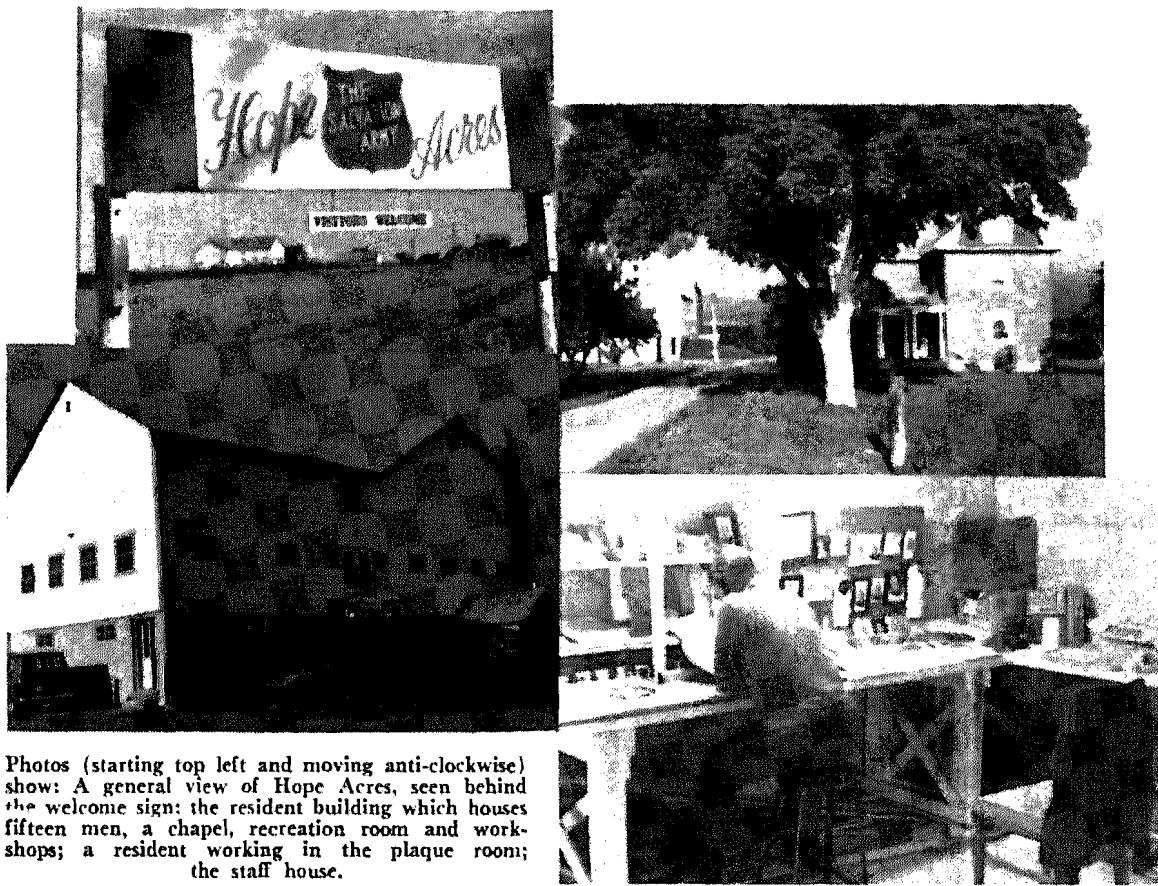
Anyone interested should write to Lieut.-Colonel A. A. van Dalen, Wittenburgergracht 65, Amsterdam C, Holland.

The following message was sent by the Territorial Commander to the retirement meeting of General Coutts.

**Commissioner E. Wickberg,
Chief of Staff.**

Salvationists of Canada and Bermuda thank God for inspiring leadership General Coutts. His spoken words, writings and integrity of character constitute an enduring influence. Assure General of our affection and prayers.

Commissioner Wiseman



Photos (starting top left and moving anti-clockwise) show: A general view of Hope Acres, seen behind the welcome sign; the resident building which houses fifteen men, a chapel, recreation room and workshops; a resident working in the plaque room; the staff house.

From Hell's Acres to Hope Acres

This article is adapted from the second annual report of Hope Acres, prepared by the resident officer, Captain Hendrick Verstege.

THE purpose of Hope Acres is that The Salvation Army might be of assistance to those afflicted with the problem of alcoholism. Hope Acres is a resident treatment centre for the rehabilitation of alcoholics who are incapable of responding satisfactorily to the shorter course of group therapy and individual counselling given them at the Harbour Light Centre in Toronto.

It consists of 200 acres of farm land, accommodation, at present, for fifteen men, a staff house and communal dining hall. Adequate and well-equipped workshops: machine, carpentry and electrical, are provided. The men are taught husbandry, landscaping, produce raising, care of farm animals and poultry. Through such activities work skills will be updated and new skills acquired.

The Army believes that man is a physical, mental, and a spiritual being and needs to find completeness in each avenue of his life; and so a specialized, expanding programme has been designed that assists a man to have medical attention, good food, and suitable work assignments. Group therapy, daily classes and counselling are exercised under

leadership of the instructors in order to assist the individual to adopt helpful mental attitudes towards life.

Attempts are made to take an individual back into the realm of society through supervised occupational therapy, assisting him with his family relationships when possible, and generally giving back his place in society.

It is the purpose of Hope Acres to assist each man spiritually by introducing him to God. This is based on the belief that a living faith in Jesus Christ is the essential aid to rehabilitation.

Occupational Therapy—The concept of assisting a man to find proper working habits and established recommendations has been a part of the service for over a year. Some of the men were able to go back to their former trades, some were able to return to Harbour Light and proceeded from there to find employment.

Recreational Therapy—Over the past year recreational programmes have been organized which included competitions at the horseshoe rings in the summer with

house tournaments, and shuffleboard in the winter season. Educational, tourist and entertainment films have been shown every Friday for most of the year. The Cremore Junior Hockey League provided free admittance to their games. Many groups from various places have come for their outings and they have provided fine fellowship. A group of young people from Glencairn visited with five snowmobiles and provided rides one Saturday afternoon. Women from the two Toronto Harbour Light Corps assisted with a Christmas party.

A visit to the Ontario Zoo, some rides through the Blue Mountains, attending a local fair also have been part of the recreational activities. Times together like these have brought a realization that one must help and assist his fellow man.

Spiritual Therapy—This part of the programme is shared each day from Monday to Saturday, commencing with a devotional time at which one of the residents brings the Scripture reading and closes in prayer, while others are invited to participate in voluntary prayers.

Every Sunday there are religious meetings; a time of worship in the morning and a gospel sing-song in the evening. Once every month a guest conducts these meetings. The annual Easter Sunrise service drew people from Glencairn as well as from Collingwood.

Daily classes at the farm are based on various subjects from attitudes, character-building to personality defects and total abstinence. Success is measured by securing sobriety, gaining a saving knowledge of Christ, completing a six-month stay at Hope Acres and being able to go to employment. This has been the case with about twenty-seven per cent of the clients who have come here. The farm will continue to serve those who need help with the depressing and growing problem of alcoholism, in diverting staggering steps of defeat in Hell's Acres to steady steps of victory at Hope Acres.

The Rainbow Chasers

GEORGE, Bill and Joe are eating dirt on a local freight. They are companions for a few hours, a few days, or a few weeks—but never friends. They have in common only similar personality, immaturity and the usual experiences of vagabonds on the road.

They are, as is usually the case, empty-handed, empty-bellied and broke. They are bumming or hitchhiking up, down and across the country, working briefly in filling stations, freight docks, restaurant kitchens—wherever there is a temporary need of a few expendable labourers.

They get together for awhile and then separate again. They are always on the

move, or ready to move at the slightest provocation, looking for a job or a fortune, or a bottle of booze, who knows what.

They drift back and forth across the continent, searching for a new frontier, a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow—and doomed never to find it. They are expecting that great opportunity, the promised land, the bonanza at the next stop. Meanwhile, they eat that dirt on a local freight.

What a life! Nobody ever intended it so—God, parents, friends, themselves, even their enemies. The tragedy lies in the truth that it could all be changed.

Worship in Heaven:

Praise to the Father Almighty — chapter 4: 1-11

THE theme of chapters 1 to 3 was *Christ in the Church*; the balancing emphasis, made in chapters 4 to 16, is *Christ in the world*. From spiritual stocktaking among believers, Revelation turns to God's involvement with the ungodly. Upon the mass of mankind, seething in selfishness, wallowing in wickedness and bloodshed, divine judgment falls. One reads this section of the book in awe; a reverential fear of that holy and just and majestic God with whom we have to do seems the only permissible reaction.

Perspective—v. 1

The vision is again heralded by a loud voice and it comes to John when the ecstasy of being *in the Spirit* once more illuminates his insight. But it is a new and different vision, featuring a number of contrasts with the preceding one.

Most obvious is a change of scene, as the seer is invited to the very courts of glory. He had seen that on earth the churches exhibited weakness and failure, but here in heaven he sees perfection of worship and service. On earth the churches faced persecution by a hostile world, but in heaven, John sees that God stands in control of the destiny of the world.

Power—vs. 2-7

What impressed John most about heaven, and what most impresses the occupants of that place, is the One who sits on the throne. God is the Father Almighty, who has sovereign sway. That truth has always comforted the people called by His name (Psalm 29: 10, 103: 19) and the prospect of sharing the throne with Christ was the final promise to the overcomer (Rev. 3: 21). In times of trial there is immense encouragement in the knowledge that, though it may not always be obvious,

God is still on the throne,
And He will remember His own;
Though trials may press us,
And burdens distress us,
He never will leave us alone.
God is still on the throne,
And He will remember His own;
His promise is true, He will not
forget you;
God is still on the throne.

Early Christians were distressingly aware that on the throne of the empire sat a cruel tyrant, but John's message reminded them that there exists a higher throne, and that from the throne of the

universe rules a just and holy and loving God.

v. 3

The radiant beauty of God is beyond description. John does not attempt to speak of His form, but like the elders who saw the God of Israel (Ex. 24: 10) he depicts His glory and brightness and compares Him to shining and precious jewels. It has been suggested that "possibly the jasper symbolized the translucent brightness of God's purity; the blood-red sardine the wrath of His justice; and the gentle-green emerald the depth of His mercy" (*The Soldier's Armoury*).

The rainbow, not partial as on earth but complete as everything in heaven is complete, suggests God's patience with the sons of men. Despite all the disaster which is to follow, the promise made to Noah long ago (Gen. 8: 21) has not been forgotten.

This God is utterly worthy, absolutely adorable. Some will read what follows in succeeding chapters and charge Him with undue severity, with harsh or even sav-

saints and New Testament believers have a place together in glory. John Stott says that they "must symbolize the worshipping church of both Testaments." But whoever the elders are, the main point is that they will cast down their crowns in homage to the King of kings. They focus our attention on the splendour of the central Majesty.

v. 5

In this chapter the Redeemer does not appear; it is God as Creator who is praised. Thunder and lightning, the most powerful cosmic phenomena known to primitive man, still suggests the awesome might of the God who made and controls the universe. The *seven lamps of fire* which burn before the throne and are reflected in the *sea of glass, like crystal* are similar to the seven-branched golden candlestick and laver (sometimes called a sea, 1 Kings 7: 23) of the ancient Temple. The Old Testament place of worship upon earth is a representation of the place of more perfect worship, heaven.



among birds, the ox among cattle and the lion among wild beasts." Their faces, then, describe their primacy and power among created beings.

Praise—vs. 8-11

These angelic beings, the highest, swiftest and noblest in creation, find their delight in ascribing holiness to their Creator. Their gratitude awakened by the angels' inspired song, the twenty-four elders (whom, as we noted, seem to stand for men of all ages and realms — a lower but still significant part of God's creation) raise their voices as well to cry that God is worthy.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name
in earth and sky and sea.

Who, recognizing his creaturehood and sensing that it is by God's sovereign pleasure that all things exist, has not known the impulse to echo this hymn? Perhaps contemplating the glory of sunrise or perhaps standing silent beneath the high-vaulted sky of night, the emotion has risen unbidden. How natural it will be when we see God as He is!

Dr. E. M. Poteat said "Only a hopeful God dares create, and with the hopeful He will share His power." The end will prove that the beginning was justified. In spite of the evil which has so despoiled it, this world is still God's world.

Meantime, there is a practical application of the doctrine of Creation. *Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.* (v. 11) should be linked with that fine statement of Psalm 110, verse 3 *Know ye that the Lord, he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.*

In the light of that can there be anything more religious than self-acceptance? Here is the antidote to envy of others or hate of yourself; God in His wisdom made you as you are. If you have an IQ of 130, He gave it to you; if you possess fewer talents than someone else, that is God's will. When did you last sincerely thank God for making you as you are?

Revelation (16)

by Major Edward Read

age vindictiveness, but in heaven they know that His love and His justice are completely consistent with one another and that all He does is good.

v. 4

On either side of God's throne there were twelve other thrones, coming forward so as to partly enclose a space in front of it, and on these were seated the twenty-four elders. Who were they? As there were twenty-four courses of priests who maintained worship in the Temple (1 Chron. 24), so the presence of these elders may add emphasis to the main idea of this chapter that heaven is a place of perfect worship.

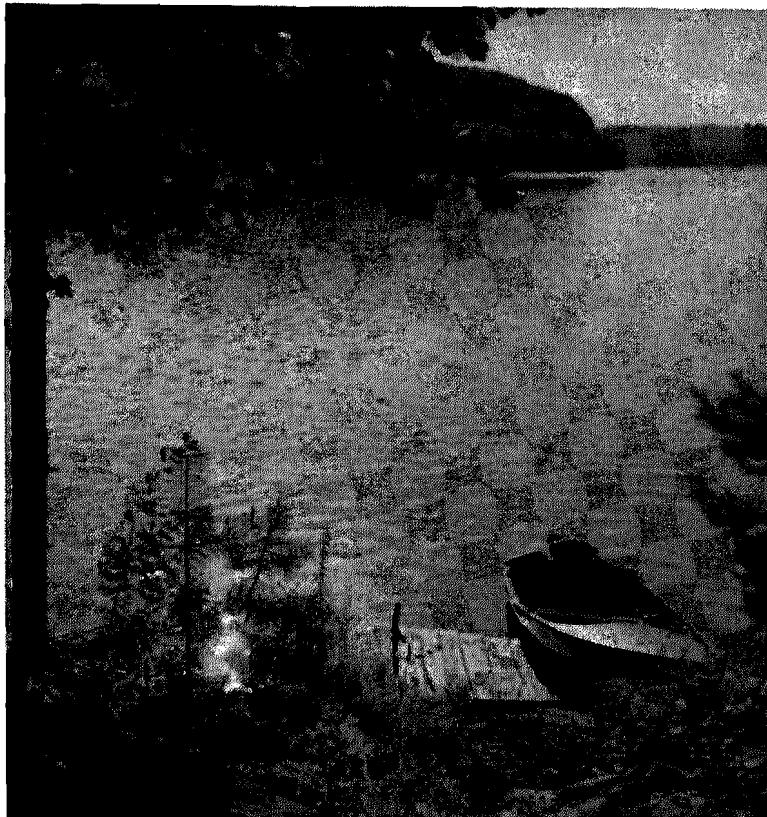
Another suggestion is that since there were twelve patriarchs and twelve apostles, the twenty-four elders show that Old Testament

v. 6

The *beasts* are living creatures (Greek *zoa*). Vibrant with life, they neither need nor seek rest; full of eyes, they are highly intelligent. As well as observing and reflecting upon all aspects of the divine majesty, they watch sleeplessly over all that transpires in heaven or on earth. These, it would seem, are the cherubim, the highest order of created beings.

v. 7

The four living creatures are probably to be identified with those Ezekiel saw in his vision (Ezekiel 1: 10). The descriptions of them are, like everything here, symbolic. An old Jewish saying explains "There are four which take the first place in this world: men among creatures, the eagle



Orders from Heaven

UNEXPECTEDLY orders from heaven sometimes demand that a Salvationist shall place a needy fellow's hand into the very hand of God.

So it was in Paris. Said a well-known business man in one of Commissioner W. Wycliffe Booth's meetings in the French capital: "One of my employees, caught in some machinery, was dreadfully injured. The doctor declared he had only minutes to live and the suffering man, sensing the situation, asked 'If I'm dying please get someone to pray for me.'"

The business man felt unable to pray. The nearby foreman also shook his head. Then someone remembered the night watchman who was a *Salutist*. Within a few moments the Salvationist was kneeling over the stricken man. Taking his injured hand he said "Can you hear me? Can you feel me holding your hand?"

There was a faint sigh of assent, so the watchman continued: "Well, I am going to take your hand and place it into the hand of God." Then he prayed. "He prayed like I have never heard anyone pray" said the business man. "He . . . well . . . he just prayed that dying man into heaven."

They were unexpected orders from heaven, but the secret of the

situation was that the humble Salvationist was prepared and ready to obey them.

—Wm. G. Harris

A Prayer of Thanks

LORD, let me try, in a few words, to thank You gratefully for all Your workings with me, especially in the past few years. Lord, You know all about my "whys" during my hours of fear, pain and depression, before and after the tests and many operations. How often I called You in desperation for help and always You were there to comfort me and to give me confidence. You taught me that nothing could happen to me unless it was in Your will. Oh Lord, You blessed and guided the doctor's hands and helped me onto my feet in no time.

Often people ask me how I can keep going and don't believe me when I say that it is only because my Heavenly Father is with me that I can carry on. I couldn't do it myself. Not only that but You gave me courage enough that I could raise a little smile, and find the patience and faith during the pain. You even enabled me to be of help to my room-mate in hospital and to give her a hand.

My Lord, I love You with all my heart because I know that without Your loving, merciful hand I could never get well. So let me thank You and praise You now, everywhere, every time and again and again. I thank You, too, for my comrades and friends who prayed for me in time of need and expressed their kind thoughts with cards and flowers.

Thank you, Lord.

—Mrs. Hadzalic of Bloor Central Corps, Toronto

Now is the time

says Brigadier Christine McMillan

WEEKLY PRAYER SUBJECT

Industrial chaplains and all who seek to show the relevance of the gospel in industry.

PRAYER: Eternal God, Thou art everywhere. We pray that no man-made theory nor any form of ritual shall hide from sight the profoundly simple message of love that, active in man, can transform every department of his life and work.

leaves were rustling over the grass which only yesterday, it seemed, flaunted its radiant spring green.

We look forward to summer through all the long winter days and the lingering springtime. We dream of all we shall do, but there is never time enough and before we know it, the leaves are turning, the frost is on the pumpkin and winter is near.

It's rather like that with life. In youth it stretches ahead into the infinite years. So much time, time unending. We dream and plan.

The years pass slowly, then more quickly and then they start to race and before we know it, life's spring and summer are over, the leaf turns sere and the wind blows chill.

Dreams come true

Does it not seem that we must realize that *now* is the accepted time? Now is the time to make dreams come true. Now is the time to do our real work. Now is the time for decision, for action.

Now is the time, for there is no tomorrow. The new day brings its own opportunities, its own challenge, its joys and sorrows. It is enough for us to live each day as we are able, finding new mercies, new blessings, new opportunities for giving and sharing and loving, new evidences in our own experience, of God's presence and love.

We used to begin each school day with a lovely hymn, one of the verses being:

*The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.*

seen and heard

TREES

Comments by the
CHIEF SECRETARY

WHEN we first arrived in Canada it was winter time and soon we became aware of the barren trees standing gaunt and ungainly against the snow-covered fields and gardens, but later we felt the tingling anticipation of new life as buds and then leaves gradually appeared in the springtime to cover the branches with a downy green until the whole landscape became ablaze with the usual profusion of nature's annual gift of beauty.

Just recently in Vancouver we saw the splendour of stately trees reduced to logs of wood and prepared for transportation down the water-ways for use in a multitude of ways that will help to satisfy some of the insatiable demands of men.

It was the poet who reminded us "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree," and we echo the words as we see the tree in all its grandeur. But I think I could re-phrase the poem by saying "I think that I shall never see a thing so useful as a tree" with a reminder that trees as well as people are made for beauty and for utility.

Some people are strong, stable, reliable, remaining in the one place and beautifying everything they touch, while others are plucked from their security and flung to the tossing waves of circumstance to travel hither and thither meeting problems and needs wherever they go.

I thought of this the other day as I said goodbye to a missionary officer on her way back to the blind school across the seas where from the security of her homeland in Canada she was going to meet the overwhelming demands of needy people; and later when welcoming another missionary officer home on furlough I heard of this one person trying to meet the needs of six hundred pupils in a faraway school.

Beauty or utility! Actually a combination of both, as they allow their lives to be uprooted and flung out to the place of need.

Perhaps there are those who have to remain in the one place year after year who wish they could be flung out, like those mentioned above, but are called to stay in the one place.

I think of secretaries and other members of the Salvation Army headquarters staff who for many years do the one task with graciousness and efficiency, who beautify their surroundings and bring stability and uplift to many who work with them, and many similarly placed who fulfil a stable role.

Beauty and/or utility! To be sent forth or remain where we are. Both require grace, strength and fortitude and both fulfil a purpose in life far greater than can ever be realized.

Thank God for those who stay, and for those who go!

Malvina Dalziel

A fish story, indeed!



Major Stan Armstrong (Vancouver Public Relations Officer) receives two salmon from Mr. Jim Murray of Murrays Fishery for distribution to Army centres. Over 1,000 pounds of fish, caught during a recent Vancouver fishing derby, were donated to the Army.

RIGHT: Bandsman Donald Feddele of Clarenville, Nfld., receives a cornet from Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Pitcher as Captain Maxwell Feener and Deputy Bandmaster Sidney Adams observe. BELOW: Grand Bank's C.O. (Captain Edward Percy) presents a retirement certificate to Corps Treasurer Joshua Forsey, who has given twenty-five years' service. To the left are Mrs. Captain Percy, newly commissioned Corps Secretary James Warren and newly commissioned Corps Treasurer Roy Grandy.



Link with the early-day Army

WHEN Brother Archie Dawson was promoted to Glory a link with the Guelph Corps' early days was broken. His mother, Mrs. C. W. Dawson, had been a member of the founding party in March, 1884, and, as Captain Emma Churchill, was the first Commanding Officer.

Brother Dawson spent his entire life in the Army. Converted at an early age he had served in several capacities. A bandsman for many years he was also active in the young people's corps, his last position being the Young People's Sergeant-Major. He and his wife had also served in corps appointments during World War I. Gifted with a fine voice, Brother Dawson travelled considerably with the Guelph Trio and was the last surviving member.

During the long years of ill health and enforced retirement, his gracious influence and kind spirit bore witness to his Lord in both hospital and neighbourhood contacts. He is remembered by all who knew him as a fine Christian gentleman.

He is survived by his wife and four daughters and their families. The funeral service was conducted by the Guelph Commanding Officer (Major Fred Brightwell).

A bright witness

A SINCERE and faithful Salvationist, Sister Adelaide Mini Wales was converted and enrolled at Calgary Citadel in 1927. In 1931 she transferred to the Norwood (Winnipeg) Corps where she held the commission of company guard. After seven months there she transferred to the Prince Albert Corps. As well as continuing her position of company guard she was a home league member at Prince Albert.

Miss Wales kept a bright witness of salvation to the end. She left many friends who mourn her passing, especially Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Traill with whom she had lived for the past thirty-nine years. The funeral service was conducted by the Commanding Officer of Prince Albert Corps (Major Glen McEwan).



Devotion to God

AT the age of twelve, Mrs. Mary Thompson left Bromsgrove, Worcs., England, and came to Montreal with her parents and two sisters. The Salvation Army had just commenced in that city and Mrs. Thompson was attracted to the meetings.

It was in the Army she met her husband, one of the members of the original Montreal Citadel Band. They had five boys and four girls and the children were encouraged in their Army activities.

Throughout her long life of ninety-two years, Mrs. Thompson's love and devotion to God through the Army remained firm.

NEWFOUNDLAND YOUTH COUNCILS

DATE	CENTRE	LEADER
October 19th	Gambo	Major Albert Browning
October 19th	Springdale	Major Edward Read
October 19th	Windsor	Brigadier Abram Pritchett
October 26th	Lewisporte	Captain Stanley Anthony
October 26th	Doting Cove	Major Edward Read
October 26th	Carbonear	Brigadier Frederick Waller
November 2nd	Corner Brook	Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Pitcher



A mountain stream slakes the thirst of B.C. hikers.

Camping on the west coast

UNDER the direction of the Divisional Youth Secretary (Major William Kerr) and Mrs. Kerr, Camp Sunrise of the British Columbia Division was the location for camps covering the guiding and scouting programme as well as music.

With eighty-five boys and twenty leaders, this year's cub camp was the largest in the division for many years. Divisional Akela Ruth Shergold headed the programme, which included such activities as hiking, swimming and fishing. In fact, a fishing derby was run, a prize being awarded for the cub who caught

the most fish (the winner caught thirty-five) and a prize for the cub with the largest fish—a two-foot cod.

The guide camp was held during the weekend the astronauts landed on the moon so the girls had their own space programme, with the theme being "Outer space." Each patrol took the name of a planet and Mrs. Major Kerr developed the devotional periods along the lines of spiritual outer and inner space.

Eight guides earned their Pioneer Badge and three their Camper's Badge.

Because there was such a large enrolment for music camp last year, it was decided this year to run a junior camp—for ages eight to twelve years—and a senior camp for those thirteen years old and over. Bert Nelson was the programme director for the junior camp, developing a beginners programme for brass players. Mrs. N. Hindle of Chilliwack developed the vocal side of the camp. Their music included a number of unusual arrangements for accompaniment.

Activities included not only theory and practical lessons in music but also boating, hiking and campfires. The spiritual climax was on the Thursday night when most of the children made public decisions for Christ. On the Friday night the soloists, both brass and vocal competed for awards. The instrumental winner was Rick Foster of Victoria and the vocal winner, Delaine Holden of Vancouver Temple. The final programme was held on the Saturday afternoon.

LOM presentation

A NUMBER of league of mercy members gathered together recently at The Beverly Nursing Home in Calgary, Alta., to present a thirty-year league of mercy pin to Mrs. Siddal.

This comrade, a soldier of the Glenmore Corps, is now ninety-four years old and, until hospitalized a year ago, sent out the "get well" and sympathy cards for the league.

LOM Treasurer Mrs. L. Williamson conducted a short meeting and the pin was presented by the Commanding Officer of Glenmore (Major Roy Calvert). The nurses had dressed Mrs. Siddal in her full Salvation Army uniform for the occasion.

Refreshments were served by the league of mercy members to the residents in the home.—L.W.

Converts at Bell Island, Nfld.

IT was time for the open-air meeting prior to the evening salvation gathering at Bell Island, Nfld. (Lieutenant and Mrs. Stephen French). The young people's singing company, two drummers and a young man carrying the flag accompanied the corps officers. No one else was in sight when the meeting started.

Before it finished, there were well over a hundred people standing, listening to the message with many others also observing from their cars and doorways. An invitation was extended for them to attend the indoor meeting.

A greater part of the crowd followed and at the conclusion of the meeting, two young girls, new to the Army, made public decisions for Christ at the Mercy Seat.

The following Sunday, twenty-four boys and girls attended the Sunday school for the first time—as a direct result of the open-air meeting. That evening, under the leadership of the Provincial Commander for Newfoundland (Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Pitcher) and the Provincial Secretary (Brigadier Abram Pritchett), twelve young people made public decisions for Christ at the Mercy Seat, ten of them new to the Army and attending as a result of that open-air outreach.



Brigadier-General Gardner, Commander of the Canadian Land Forces in Europe, presented a framed certificate, acknowledging The Salvation Army's thirty years of service to the Canadian Armed Forces, to the Senior Supervisor of Canadian Red Shield Services, Brigadier Ken Graham (right). Over 2,000 people attended the presentation ceremony.

Summer evangelism at Cobourg

RECENTLY the Earls Court R Band visited the popular summer resort town of Cobourg, Ont. (Captain and Mrs. William Holden). Many people were reached by the band's message and a deep impression was made for good during the weekend.

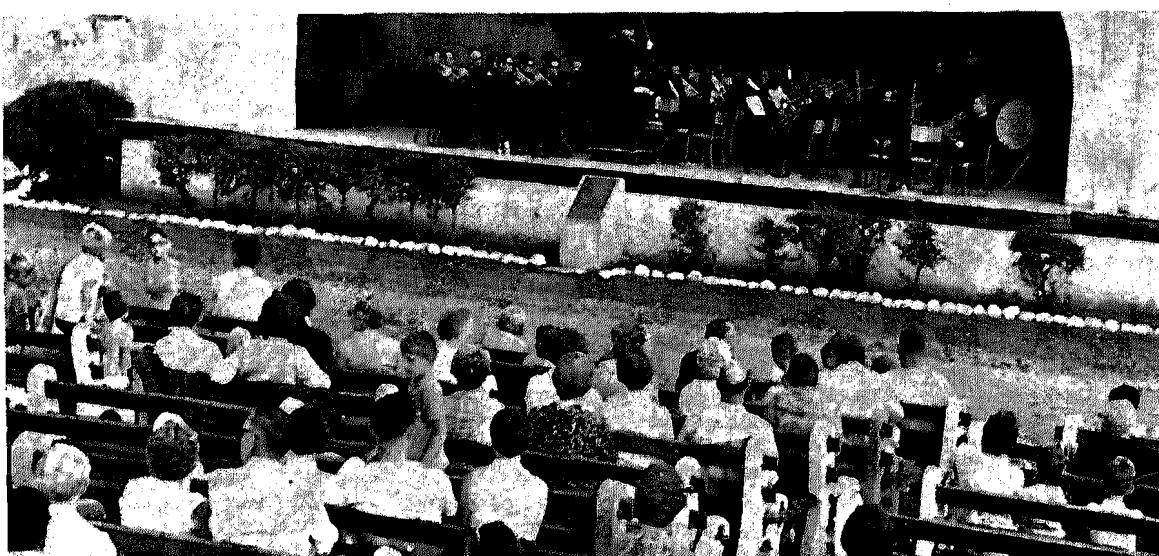
A festival of music was held on the Saturday night in the Cobourg West Collegiate auditorium with a good summer holiday crowd in attendance. This festival was broadcast over the local radio station, which received a gift of the latest record by the

band, "The Canadian" (which has been played extensively since that visit). The bandsmen were billeted in the homes of soldiers and Rotarian businessmen.

On Sunday morning the band visited the general hospital and the St. Peter's Court apartments. A quartette attended and participated in the morning service at the Baptist Church, and another at the Presbyterian Church. The band took complete charge of the meeting at the corps, with Bandsman Bram Allington leading, several bandsmen participating with testimony and prayer, and Bandsman Gordon Jarvis giving the message.

In the afternoon the band took part in the decoration service with the Rebekah and Odd Fellows Lodges. This marked a significant anniversary of the lodges, and a large crowd was in attendance, both at the service and at the supper which followed.

The evening meeting was held in Victoria Park at the bandshell, and Bandsman Bill Castle led with seven others participating. Bandsman Douglas Court gave the message. A concert of music followed.



The Earls Court (Toronto) Band played before a large crowd in Cobourg's Victoria Park.

Lest we forget . . .

"While we stand on our dignity, people are going to hell" said Catherine Booth. In this final article of the series, the Army Mother discusses exactly the issue facing many Christians.

To the right is a photo of the Joystings as they appeared on television. Now disbanded, this professional Christian pop group broke into the demanding field of pop music six years ago, and seldom before has Christianity been shared so forthrightly with the present generation. The revolutionary thrust of real Christianity was the principle behind the Joystings. Without that dynamic, we carve our own tombstone, let alone the world's. "Lest we forget . . . to adapt." Consider these words from the beginning of our Movement, and note their relevance.

I HAVE chosen to inquire into the principle of adaptation as applied to the gospel. No person can imagine for a moment that we would hold or teach adaptation of the gospel itself. We deem this so above any change that we would not be responsible for transposing its order, much less altering its matter, so sacredly intact do we believe the gospel of Christ ought to be.

We believe also that the order of God ought to be strictly maintained, that it is as rational and true in philosophy as it is in divinity and that the way the Spirit operates upon the minds of men is just the same as ever. When we come to speak of modes and measures, that is quite another thing. A most easily fathomed truth running through the New Testament is that forms and ceremonies are nothing except as they embody and express real spiritual life and truth. Circumcision is nothing and uncircumcision is nothing; baptism is nothing and being baptized is nothing; the Lord's supper is nothing and abstaining from the Lord's supper is nothing — nothing in themselves as matters of form. Embraced under circumcision are all mere outward forms and ceremonies; all are nothing, save keeping the commandments of God.

Now, it was the crowning condemnation of the Jews that they had frittered away the spirituality and practical bearing of divine law, clinging to those forms and

ceremonies which were instituted only to embody and symbolize it.

They had better have come out and avowed themselves as unbelievers than have gone on professing to be the children of God while they were doing the work of the devil. But they would not receive this teaching. They held on to the form whilst the spirit had gone. They would "make clean the outside of the . . . platter" but within they were "full of extortion and excess," appearing beautiful outwardly, but within they were "full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

There is this tendency still in our fallen human nature. It is so much easier, or Satan makes it look so much easier, for an unregenerate man to rest in a form than to seek till he finds the spiritual grace which that form represents. It is so much easier than bringing his evil, unregenerate heart to God for Him to circumcise it and write His law in it, as He promises to do under the new covenant.

There is no improving the future without disturbing the present, and the difficulty is to get people to be willing to be disturbed! We are so conservative by nature and feel such a rooted dislike to having anything rooted up or knocked down. It is as much the work of God, however, "to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy" as "to build, and to plant," and God's real ambassadors frequently have to do as much of the one as of the other. We have the accumulated traditionalism of ages to dig under, and it takes considerable force of character and a great deal of the Spirit of God to enable us to do it.

Modes and measures

The law of adaptation is the only law in the New Testament with respect to modes and measures. While the gospel message is laid down with unerring exactness, we are left at perfect freedom to adapt our measures and modes of bringing it to bear upon men to the circumstances, times and conditions in which we live. "I am made all things to all men" declared the great apostle to the Gentiles who had thrown off the paraphernalia of Judaism years before, yet became a Jew that he might win the Jews.



sometimes are, in the fourteenth chapter of First Corinthians than you can find for yours. The best insight we have into the internal working of a religious service in apostolic times is in this chapter, and I ask you, Is it anything like the ordinary services of today?

We cannot get the order of a single service from the New Testament, nor can we get the form of government of a single church. Hence one denomination thinks theirs is the best form, and another theirs; so Christendom has been divided into various camps ever since; but this very quarrelling shows the impossibility of getting from the New Testament the routine, the order and the fashion of mere modes. Do you think God had no purpose in this omission? The forms, modes and measures are not prescribed as in the Old Testament dispensation. Why?

Look and listen

The principle is laid down that you are to adapt your measures to the necessity of the people to whom you minister; you are to take the gospel to them in such modes and habitudes of thought and expression and circumstances as will gain a hearing. You are to preach to them in such a way as will cause them to look and listen. What scope for the various manifestations of the Spirit! The argument that this free operation of the Spirit has been abused is no

to adapt

The great strong intellect became as a weak man that he might win the weak. He conformed himself to the conditions and circumstances of his hearers in all lawful things that he might win them; he let no mere conventionalities or ideas of propriety stand in his way when it was necessary to abandon them. He who was brave as a lion, and hailed a crown of martyrdom like a conquering hero, was willing to submit to anything when the requirements of his mission rendered it necessary.

Now here it seems to me that the Church — I speak universally — has made the grand mistake of exalting the traditions of the elders into the same importance and authority as the word of God. People contend that we must have quiet, proper, decorous services. I say, Where is your authority for this? I defy any man to show it. I have a great deal more authority for such a lively gushing, spontaneous, and what you call disorderly, service, as our Salvation Army services

argument against it, for then you might argue against every privilege. Here is abundant evidence that these Corinthian converts had opportunity to witness for Jesus, each one to tell others what the Holy Ghost had wrought in him.

And look at the result! "If . . . there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth." What unkind things have been said of The Salvation Army because people at our meetings have fallen on their faces under the convicting power of the Spirit! But, you see, this is apostolic.

Should we not pray to be set free from the traditionalism and routinism in which Satan has succeeded in lulling us to sleep? It was only the repressing, and ultimately, I am afraid, the all-but

(Continued on page 14)

The Captain keeps a Diary



These stories of God at work through The Salvation Army's Women's Social Services are taken from the files of Major Mary Webb, an officer who was involved in this ministry for a number of years.

● MARY AND HER BABY

MARY has lived all her life beyond the Arctic Circle. She is partly Indian and partly French. A tall good-looking girl, she has beautiful white teeth and kind, gentle eyes. Her mother died some years ago and Mary and her father and brothers live by trapping. Until a few weeks ago, Mary had never left the home of her childhood. At intervals, the plane came to this lonely settlement bringing mail and supplies. The pilot was a friendly fellow, and had often suggested that Mary take a trip back with him and see something of the life in a big city.

One day, Mary realized that she was pregnant, and she recalled the offer of the pilot and arranged with him to come to the big city. Here she contacted The Salvation Army and was admitted to the home for unmarried mothers.

Soon a lovely baby was born and the Captain talked with Mary and helped her make a plan for her baby. Mary listened too as she was told of God's great love for sinners, and His mercy and plan for our lives. While in the care of the home, she made a decision to accept Christ as her Saviour, and real light dawned upon her dark soul. She will return to her people in the spring when the boats can get through and take with her the news of the gospel.

● MR. AND MRS. SMITH

M R. and Mrs. Smith live together in a Salvation Army Home for aged persons. Both are senile. It is pitiful to watch them as daily they become more confused and detached from reality. The Captain can remember them in the years when, in health and strength, they gave themselves

without stint in the service of others. Mrs. Smith was a beautiful singer. It is hard to understand and accept the present state of affairs.

Today, Mrs. Smith is particularly restless and difficult to manage. She disturbs the other residents. She is unable to converse and just confused jabber comes in reply to any remark made to her.

The Captain took her away from the others into a sitting room and put a record of familiar hymn tunes on the phonograph. Almost immediately, Mrs. Smith calmed down. She began to sing with the music and at the end said appropriately "that music calms me." The Captain then turned to Psalm 34 in the Bible and, as she read it aloud, Mrs. Smith repeated every word from memory. The period ended with more music and a prayer for peace and quietness to stay with Mrs. Smith. The Captain knew that the aged lady had experienced what is written in verse five of this psalm.

"They looked unto Him . . . and their faces were not ashamed."

● A TALK WITH BILL

THE Captain had a talk today with Bill who has spent some years in the Children's Home. Bill is on friendly terms with the Captain, and he is ten years old. Today he said "What I like about you is that you come to see me once in a while, so that sometimes I can find out things." "Well" said the Captain "I am glad you look forward to my visits, and would you like to tell me some of your feelings about the Home?"

Said Bill "First I would want a bed of my own with not too many big boys in the same room who are bullies. I like to be alone sometimes, but they always seem to make us do things in bunches."

"I would like a few shelves near my bed where I could play with my airplanes or stamp book before I go to bed. I need a closet where I can keep my own clothes. Very important, is a cottage mother and father who love me like real parents should. I don't mind if they are tough, as long as they are fair. They should look for the best in us kids, not the worst all the time. They should like our own parents even if they don't come to visit us.

"And then I would like a better chance to find out about my own folks. When they don't come, and don't write and don't phone, I get worried!"

● BETTY AND MARRIAGE

WHAT a challenge it is to work with the mothers and home-makers of the future with most of life ahead! How fascinating to uncover in each girl that spark of goodness and wholesomeness which is her real self, although often covered by a cloak of hostility! When this is recognized by the girl herself, it may be fanned into a flame of joyous, useful living.

Betty is fourteen years of age. She is in the care of the Salvation Army Home because in three months' time she is expecting a baby. Her mother was deserted by her husband and now, with bitterness and resentment, she is bringing up the four children of whom Betty is the oldest.

When Betty's pregnancy was recognized by her mother, the mother washed her hands of Betty and brought her to the Home. "I give her up" she said. "You take her and lock her up. I don't want her" she said to the Captain. Said Betty, looking at the Captain from under her green eye-shadow, "I'm going to get married, and I don't care what any of you say!"

Thus came little Betty into the care of the Home. The Captain asked herself "What has this Home to offer in helping a girl like Betty?" Here are a few things already apparent from Betty's changing behaviour.

1. Regular and supervised living with no threat of being "given up" however unacceptable the behaviour.
2. A chance to continue school work with a visiting teacher.
3. Firm kindness and praise for a sincere effort at doing a task well.
4. A position and rewarding relationship with her peers and adults in authority.

It was not long before Betty broke through the crust of hostility and became pleasant and friendly and full of loving ways. No more talk about running away and getting married.

Betty's mother does not contribute towards the cost of her care in the Home and cannot be expected to do this. The Captain felt however that mother must not be allowed to reject Betty entirely, so she was asked to provide some shoes. Mother swore at the Captain, banged the office door, and left saying "Don't you understand, I've given her up!"

However, two days afterwards, mother arrived at the Home with shoes and asked "May I try them on to see if they fit?" You can see that mother is a badly damaged person and she too needs help and understanding.

The deepest need

YOU can trust the God who has revealed Himself in Jesus to meet your deepest need. Most probably that need is for forgiveness and cleansing from the guilt and power of sin. These may sound old-fashioned phrases but they speak to present need. You can commit yourself without reserve to the God whose word in Christ is: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

—General Frederick Coutts

ARMY accent

Do changed conditions call for an adaptation of our pattern of worship?

LAST summer many thousands of Roman Catholics fulfilled their "Sunday obligation" on Saturday afternoon in much of New England.

Among both Protestant and Catholic clergy the problem of what to do about the conflict between the long summer weekend and regular church attendance has led to various attempts to meet the need for worship on a more flexible basis.

What happened in New England came out of a practical problem within the Roman Catholic Church. In explaining the background of the current extended schedule, Bishop Peter L. Gerety, apostolic administrator of the diocese of Portland, Me., pointed out that tourism, one of Maine's top industries, had resulted in considerable movement within the diocese, particularly on weekends.

"This has created a problem" he said "in arranging for proper deployment of priests to meet the needs."

Since August, 1967, the diocese of Portland has permitted Saturday afternoon and evening masses (after 4 p.m.) as a means of fulfilling the Sunday or holy day obligation "in remote and resort areas of the diocese and because of the scarcity of priests."

Early in May of this year the bishop announced that the Sat-

diocese revealed that, although this practice has not spread across the country, the inauguration of Sunday evening masses (in addition to the regular Sunday morning ones) has solved a problem for countless Catholics who wander far from the city after work on Friday but return in time to worship Sunday evening.

MILLIONS of Protestants, free from the clearly defined requirements of the Catholic Church, rarely darken the door of a church during the summer months. Protestant pastors have tried to offer solutions to the problem that confronts weekend sojourners, some of whom are committed Christians who have a strong sense of responsibility regarding regular church attendance.

Many local churches in resort areas go out of their way to make vacationers welcome. Some weekenders who have cottages or who revisit the same resort area each year have two "church homes" —their year-round one in the city and a vacation church.

Another approach, no longer a novelty, is the drive-in church. In most cases it is a drive-in theatre the rest of the week, made available Sunday morning to a local pastor or to a ministerial association on an ecumenical basis. The "come-as-you-are"

chopped off, with the whole side facing the congregation enclosed with plate glass. The cars park on the huge lot facing the worship centre and the occupants listen by way of a public address system.

Although many conservative Christians disagree, there are ministers who see no valid reason

for confining one's weekly worship to Sunday. They are quick to point out that nearly all Christians have abandoned the divinely appointed Sabbath of the Old Testament in favor of worship on the "Lord's Day," for which very little in the way of direct biblical command can be

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The New Canadian—4

By Ruth E. Walker



ELIZABETH

"I CAN'T DO IT!" Thus did the pretty little Hungarian woman pronounce her own doom when confronted with that austere linguistic judge, the English language. It is not such a fatalistic reaction when one considers the first test: "This is a book." One is commanded to thrust out one's tongue, serpent-like, from its normal, well-mannered position. Who but the perverse speakers of English would demand such impropriety of that organ and then consider it "good" English? (The Greeks must also plead guilty here, but then, it's all Greek to us.)

I produced a mirror. No, Elizabeth could not see her tongue. I stuck out my own in my cheekiest manner. Elizabeth, somewhat horrified, attempted the same. A tiny portion of that polite Hungarian tongue crept forth, only to be immediately entangled in viciously reprobating teeth. "Too short" announced the injured tongue's owner.

Fortunately, with patient (and painful) practice, the short little tongue stretched even to perform the impossible gymnastics of English.

I often noticed that Elizabeth, by nature a sunny soul, seemed downcast. She was gradually getting over her first fear, horror and fatalism regarding our language, but she still wasn't happy. The problem revealed itself when we explored the English titles of "Mr., Mrs., and Miss." Elizabeth was "Mrs." but she had no "Mr." As I looked puzzled, she produced a much treasured photo. It was of herself and two small sons standing beside a newly occupied grave. "Mr." said Elizabeth.

The story of Elizabeth's husband was told to me in still another language of which we fortunately had common knowledge. I say fortunately because it was apparent that the widowed Elizabeth wanted desperately to speak of her husband. Just to tell someone was a comfort.

So I heard how, only a few months before, the little family had happily been making the final arrangements for their proposed emigration to Canada. Then, one summer's evening, their particular part of Hungary had experienced a brutal thunderstorm. Elizabeth's husband sat watching at the window. In a moment he was struck by the frenzied lightning. His widow buried him, honoured his memory with that sacred photograph, packed her belongings and, as her husband had wished, set her face towards Canada. She arrived with her two boys and one suitcase. Her parents were waiting for her.

Elizabeth learned quickly. She was always the top student. At her graduation she made the valedictory address. She paid me, personally, my highest tribute. I repeat it here because I feel it helps to illustrate the need of many "brand new" New Canadians. She said, "Thank you, teacher. You were to me like a mother. You took me by the hand and you led me, step by step, from: 'This is a book' to today." Silently I asked for grace to continue the "leading." At times, I fear, a harried teacher had used more of the "dragging" and "pushing."

There is a beautiful P.S. to Elizabeth's story. Romance blossomed in the classroom — and with a Greek, master of "This is a book." They would take walks together at every break-time. I found myself glowing with maternal pride. Elizabeth and Andreas, Hungarian and Greek. Two lonely people brought together in a new relationship, in a new country, by a new language.

Sunday Worship and the Long Weekend

urday ruling could be applied to any parish church or mission within the state of Maine at the pastor's discretion after consultation with the parish council.

Five weeks later Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, announced that Saturday evening masses would be permitted in more than 400 churches of the Boston diocese. The privilege, he made clear, was not a "general" one, however, and individual pastors were required to ask authorization for their parishes. The Boston archdiocese, second largest in the U.S.A., thus joined New England dioceses in New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine in granting the Saturday privilege.

A check of the Chicago arch-

appeal draws many worshippers who would never think of entering a sanctuary unshaven and in attire ranging from informal to unsightly. The in-car loudspeakers carry the service effectively. Depending upon the minister and the hearts of the listeners, a worshipful atmosphere and meaningful service are definitely attainable. The one element that suffers conspicuously is the congregational singing—in spite of valiant efforts by some carloads of people.

The first church designed exclusively for drive-in use is located in St. Petersburg, Fla. Its pulpit, organ and choir loft are under a permanent roof in a specially designed building that looks like the front of a church

INTERNATIONAL SURVEY



This photo shows Commissioner Clarence D. Wiseman giving the newly promoted Lieutenant and Mrs. James Lau their appointment to the Shaukiwan Social Centre in Hong Kong. This took place at the commissioning of the "Evangelists" Session in Massey Hall, Toronto, last June.

Quick to help

Colonel Harry Williams
reports from Saigon

SHE is only fifteen, but Mai Thi Huu would put many Christians to shame by her quickness to see the needs of others in the ward. And this with one eye, one arm and masses of bandages.

She hops out of bed to help the nurses in the same selfless way that she found food and fed her brother literally singlehanded when their home went up in flames. He could not see and both hands were injured.

And so they come every day, youngsters who help themselves from trolley to operating table and go under the anesthetic without a whimper. When I warm to these people, I reflect on the future of the Church built on such character.

On Saturday mornings we've started a new programme. Saigon and Cholon were once separate towns, Cholon being the Chinese "new market." Now this sprawling metropolis has absorbed many outlying villages and towns.

Cholon's oldest hospital is now the city's isolation hospital. "Isolation" is interpreted widely and includes mental diseases and



Lieutenant and Mrs. James Lau and Lieutenant Keith Cheng received their second year's training in Toronto. When they returned home to Hong Kong, their mothers received the Order of the Silver Star. This picture shows the newly commissioned Lieutenants with their mothers. The Officer Commanding for Hong Kong (Colonel John Nelson) and Mrs. Nelson are seen on either side of the group.

leprosy as well as the acute infections such as smallpox, plague and cholera, which are endemic.

The medical staff of this hospital is keen and welcomed the chance to start reconstructive surgery. It was a woman surgeon who engineered my first visit and who will carry on this extra programme when I leave.

This is a land of co-operation. The excellent little operating room was built for an Italian team several years ago. The nurses, who accompany me each week bringing full sterile packs, vary and have been American,

Appointment — Hong Kong

New Lieutenants receive a challenge

"CADET and Mrs. James Lau, you are promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and appointed to the Shaukiwan Social Centre in Hong Kong." These words, spoken by the Territorial Commander (Commissioner Clarence D. Wiseman) on Toronto's Massey Hall platform at the commissioning of the "Evangelists" Session of cadets last June, meant little to the Canadian audience. But to Lieutenant and Mrs. Lau this meant challenge and opportunity.

This young couple, together with Lieutenant Keith Cheng, took their second year of training for Salvation Army officership in Toronto instead of remaining in Hong Kong. Now they were to return home.

But what is the Shaukiwan Social Centre? The Save the Children Fund in co-operation with the Norwegian Government, were involved in a programme of

caring for destitute boys at a centre in Kowloon. Because of building developments in the district where they were located, the government gave them a property in Shaukiwan. The Norwegian Government provided the necessary funds for the construction of a building which became known as "Norway Hostel."

However, this sponsorship organization, as well as the Christian Children Fund of America, has been moving away from a policy of holding property. As a result, The Salvation Army was requested to take over this particular phase of work. On April 1st of this year, the official transfer of the property was completed and since that time the Army has been administering the activities of this centre.

Plans are in hand to change the pattern considerably and this development is in progress as a result of a close liaison with the government social welfare department. In addition to the residential care of the boys, the Officer Commanding for Hong Kong (Colonel John Nelson) is hoping Lieutenant and Mrs. Lau will involve a particular phase of service which will include corps activities, family service bureau and the participation of the residents in the community activities which will be part of the total programme.

This is a challenge, indeed!

UNDER A TREE

FIVE corps cadets from the Miriam Booth Corps under the leadership of Major and Mrs. N. Khumalo, conducted meetings at Entapha, South Africa.

On the Sunday afternoon, a meeting was held under the shade of a large tree when a number of people gathered around to listen. The young people testified, sang and played their timbrels. The owner of the tree, Corps Sergeant-Major Rotha Shange, also participated.

Five people responded to the invitation to make a public decision for Christ.

IN Paris, Gil Bernard, famed singer of French music halls now converted to Christ, has pledged himself to accompany The Salvation Army in its visits to prisons.

Having abandoned his former life, he plans, with the accompaniment of his gifted pianist, Tony, to sing for God and let his fans know the new joy he has found in Christ.

A child may be sponsored for \$15.00 per quarter. For further information on helping a needy child in another country, contact:

The Salvation Army
Home League Dept.

20 Albert St., Toronto 102, Ontario

Thome page



Thanksgiving Dinner — with a difference

a story from China by Lieut-Colonel Hal Beckett

They could not be sold, as the people in this remote city were very superstitious and believed that "foreigners" impregnated the food with medicine which changed people's hearts, causing them to forsake their ancient gods and turn to the white man's God.

Then an inspiration came to the Captain. Why not have a Thanksgiving Feast and invite the beggars and the destitute to be the guests? With this scheme in mind, tickets were hurriedly printed and at midnight the Captain with one or two helpers went out into the moonlight seeking for the most needy of the many homeless ones in the city. They were not difficult to find.

All invited

Halt, lame, blind, leprous, they huddled in doorways and under gaudily decorated arches and in temple gateways. Moaning with the cold, they stopped the noise just long enough to take in the invitation and grab the precious ticket that represented food for one day; then they huddled down again, shivering, to their restless sleep.

Hours before the time announced for the meal, the scene on the street outside the Salvation Army compound was like that of some pilgrimage to a place of healing.

One leper, in a more advanced state of disease than his companions, held out his rice-can on the

end of a bamboo stick, so that no one need touch it, and silently bowed his appreciation as he went away with the can filled. A frost-bitten youth, who had lost both hands and feet during the previous winter, crawled to the feast on elbows and knees, bitterly complaining of the pain in his stumps during the cold nights. Blind boys led blind fathers and blind grandfathers. And the festival was furnished with guests.

Blind parents

The grain and vegetables had been cooked in huge cauldrons and soon the Captain and his wife were filling the big bowls with appetizing food. How ravenously their guests ate!

They had been separated into groups so that the maimed and the little children could have special attention. The blind, too, had been found a corner to themselves. Among the latter was a young couple and Mrs. Captain thought the woman looked somewhat uneasy as she fumbled with something in her tattered garments.

"What have you there?" she asked.

"It is my baby" was the reply "a very little one!" Then was exposed a little mite less than a month old, wrapped in a Chinese newspaper and tied up with string.

"I have a baby, too" said the Captain's wife. "Let me hold your baby while you eat your meal."



This picture shows Salvationists in Chile providing a meal for needy people; a service which is rendered in all parts of the world.

The sightless eyes of the mother changed expression. Many were the tales told about the evil deeds of "foreigners." This one, was she to be trusted?

"Don't take him far away, will you? You see, he's all we've got!"

Mrs. Captain took the little mite indoors, gave him his first bath as quickly as she could and exchanged the newspaper for some of her own baby's clothes. But when she returned to the blind mother she found her sitting, her food cold and untouched, her eyes staring out into space. She seized the baby with a little cry and it was some moments before she could assure herself that all was well with it. When she felt the new clothes she plucked up courage and began to ask what they were like. Then she said:

"Do you think my baby can see? You see, his father and I are both blind."

It was difficult to tell with so small a baby, but the Captain's wife noticed that the eyes blinked when she waved her hand before them, so she felt justified in assuring the mother, who was overjoyed. This gave Mrs. Captain her chance.

Thanks given

"Shall we kneel down and thank 'The Father Above' because your baby can see?" And there, with the halt and the maimed and the blind gathering round, the little seeing baby of blind parents was offered back to God who gave it.

A year or two later the poor blind man had to leave his dead wife in the common grave on the hillside and, remembering the Captain's kindness, he turned to him in his trouble and asked him to take his little son into the home.

That harvest feast was not only a success as an event, but it proved to be the beginning of similar work on a huge scale in the big cities during the cold winter months. During those years, tens of thousands of meals, similar to that at the Children's Home harvest festival, were distributed from Salvation Army porridge kitchens in China, relieving, in normal times, the ever-prevalent distress, and rising, as needed, to the occasions of disaster from war, plague, famine or flood.

HARVEST festival was as popular in China as in any other country. Many and weird were the gifts piled high on the marble altar at the feet of the placid Buddha as the fat priests struck the gongs — to call his attention to his devotees!

One year, on the open-air theatre stand opposite the front gates of the temple, a play was being performed for the delight of the Buddha who had ripened the crops. Falsetto voices struck the ear in songs, comic or adulatting; firecrackers were exploded and all was jubilation.

The scene might have been less festive. Instead of jubilation there would have been consternation if the drought had been prolonged. This particular year, however, the harvest was a good one.

Christian celebrations

So the first Christian harvest festival in those parts was to be celebrated at the "Worship Hall" attached to the Children's Home. The home, with its sixty or seventy "mouths" was a good customer of the local grain merchant and also of the vegetable vendor who announced his presence on his rounds by the rattling of half a dozen pieces of steel clanging together like clappers. These providers were glad to give gifts to the white man's God. What was one offering more or less when the coming year's good fortune was to be considered?

A sack of millet and bushels of rice formed the foundation of the display and these were surmounted by a variety of fruits and vegetables. Persimmons gave colour and *kao-liang* stalks gave height to the beautiful scene. All went well until the problem presented itself: how to dispose of these gifts. The people in the home could not eat the produce themselves, or they would be no better than the temple priests who grew fat on the gifts offered to idols.

MAGAZINE features



Land produces again

Canadian aid under the Colombo Plan helps in the fight against starvation

THE thousands on the Indian sub-continent who are short of food are always in danger of having the benefits from the noticeable agricultural improvements cancelled out by rising population. But they are slowly gaining more to cheer about as modern technology and methods are applied to agriculture.

Recently another milestone was passed in a markedly success-

on, more and more farmers have been driven from land that has pockmarked and become overlaid with a white scarf of salt carried up by underground water which has risen to within a few feet of the surface and waterlogged the ground.

In the 1950s, 100,000 new acres of this rich farmland were being lost every year to waterlogging and salinity, and although production of crops went up slightly, production per head almost certainly fell.

Average yields were also depressed by antiquated farming methods and lack of agricultural incentives.

Loss of land reversed

Today under a scheme that has surveyed nearly forty million acres of the Indus Basin, the West Pakistan Water and Power Development Authority helped by American, British, Australian and Canadian aid under the Colombo Plan for technical co-operation, has reversed the loss of land. It has used tubewells sunk 100 feet or so into the ground to pump fresh water up from the porous sand below to cleanse the polluted soil and to dispose of saline water. Pure water from the wells has been used as a valuable extra source of irrigation.

As significant as the engineering and survey achievements has been the response of the farmers. Agricultural experts working on the scheme say that they have been taken by surprise at the way farmers have worked to use all the extra water now available and have responded to the new methods suggested for the massive agricultural education programme that has accompanied the engineering. And this in spite of a high proportion of the farmers being tenants or share croppers and, therefore, in the view of a good many economists, unlikely to be much affected by incentives.

Says one expert now "the farmer's response has been remarkable. It has changed our way of thinking quite a bit. Now we know that if you apply the proper economic incentives you can move the farmer in any direction you wish."

—International Development



Many children on the North American continent know the fun of picking ripened fruit. In this land of plenty, the harvests have been good. The stores are full of food. During this time of year, let us remember the millions in other parts of the world who do not have our advantages.

Passion Play 1970

This world-famous event at Oberammergau, Germany, takes place every ten years

THE 1970 Passion Play in Oberammergau, Germany, scheduled from May 18 through September 28, presents travellers with a once-in-a-decade opportunity to see a moving performance of a religious folk play that is centuries old.

The demand for tickets for the thirty-fifth season of the Passion Play, first enacted in 1634, has passed the million mark, more than triple the number of tickets available.

Although individual tickets can no longer be purchased, those who want to include the play in their travel plans next year can do so by selecting one of several available tour programmes which have a performance of the play in their itinerary.

Responsible for all this interest in the small Bavarian village of Oberammergau, according to history books, is a young wood carver, Kasper Schissler, who in 1633 unwittingly brought the plague that was spreading through Upper Bavaria into Oberammergau, causing half the villagers to fall victim to the disease.

The town's survivors then took a solemn oath that, if they were spared, they would present an eight-hour-long passion play depicting the suffering and death of Christ and would instruct future generations to repeat the play every ten years. Since that time, the town has kept its pledge except under extraordinary cir-

cumstances such as in wartime. In 1970, the play will run six and a half hours with an intermission: 8:15 a.m.-11:45 a.m., 2:30 p.m.-5:30 p.m. The production is an elaborate affair with authentic costumes locally made and some forty changes in scenery. The play is performed in German, but English texts are available.

ful, if long-drawn-out, campaign to reverse declining standards of living in one of the most important regions of the third world; the valley of the River Indus that flows through West Pakistan into the Arabian Sea.

The land, which in winter blows about in clouds of powdery dust, has soil so fertile that it leads geologists and soil scientists to reach for words like "fantastic" and "incredible" to describe it. Under British rule at the turn of the century it was the location for the largest irrigation scheme in the world. But as the twentieth century has worn

Where are these?

The Salvation Army will assist in the search for missing relatives. Please read the list below, and if you know the present address of any person listed, or any information which will be helpful in continuing the search, kindly contact the Men's Social Service Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 102, Ont., marking your envelope "Inquiry."

BACHELOR, Agnes. Born May 21, 1903, in Scotland. Was a domestic worker and was last known to be in Toronto, Ont. Last heard from in person in 1934. Parents were William and Janet Bachelor (née Milne). Marital status unknown. Brother, Alexander Haggart Bachelor, living in Toronto, seeks her. 69-384

BELONG, Earl Eugene. Sought by his grandfather. Born September 29, 1937. Married to Judy. Children: Joe and Jerry. Last known to be in Vancouver, B.C. In April, 1968, labourer, painter, fisherman. 69-444

BIDDLECOMBE, Frederick. Born September, 1898, in England. Single. Retired. Last known to live in Victoria, B.C. (1967). Parents were Frederick George and Fanny Biddlecombe (née Lawrence). Mrs. Edna Biddlecombe of England seeks him. 68-463

BOYER, Emma Lillian Pearl (née Henderson). Born June 20, 1932, in Kingston or Westbrook, Ont. Separated from Roger Boyer. Last known address in Oshawa but is believed to now be in Toronto. Brother, Sidney Henderson, inquires. He and other relatives are worried. 69-443

DEJARDINS, Ernest Roy. Born November 18, 1919, in Rivington, Que. Last heard from in 1951. Has had a broken nose. Was married in England March 8, 1945. Served with the Canadian Royal Engineers as a private. Reg. No. D121446. Demobilized at Calumet, Que., in 1945. Last known address Calumet, R.R. 2, Quebec. Please contact us for more particulars. 69-324

DAVIES, Ernest. Born February 9, 1890, in Chettion, nr. Bridgnorth, Salop, England. Was a railway engineer on the Grand Trunk Railway. Last known to live in North Cobalt, Ont. Had also lived in Poste Restante, Edson, Alta. Has tip of one finger missing. To Canada in 1909, and last heard from in 1930. Parents were John Davies and Ellen Davies (née Gwilt). A sister, Eva Crook, anxious to find him. We have her address. 69-376

HAEGLAND, Anni. Born January 13, 1909, in Tyness, Norway. To Canada in the 1930s and has not been heard from in many years. Was in Toronto when last heard from. Parents were Vilhelm and Margrethe Haegland. Mother most anxious to find. 69-409

HANLON, John. Born February 22, 1933, in Eire. Was a building labourer and was last known to live in Vancouver, B.C. He worked for a firm by the name of Dutton-Williams Bros. (not necessarily in Vancouver). His sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Fellows, inquires. Aged parents are most concerned. 69-515

JACKSON, Stephen Michael. About 53 years of age on September 8. Born in Regina, Sask. His divorced wife has passed away and his daughter, Marguerite Mary-Ann Murray, seeks him. "He is the closest family I have" she says. When unemployed, he worked with carnivals, generally in Quebec and Ontario, in the games concessions. Her last contact was by telephone in February of 1968 when he was in Montreal, Quebec. 69-395

KANTELL, Sili Aleksandra (née Levo). Born June 17, 1895 at Loimaa, Finland. Parents were Maito and Kallo Levo. Widow. Came to Canada fifty years ago and was last heard from thirty years ago. Nephew, Mr. Vesa Nieminen, seeks her re-settlement of an estate. Can anyone give information concerning her whereabouts or that of descendants? 69-422

LEVO, Josi. Born May 25, 1887, at Loimaa, Finland. Married. Was a

SOLUTION TO SCRIPTURE CROSSWORD

RIGHTS, 18. OPENED. 15. ESTATE. 16. CHEERY, 17. DOMAIN, 15. ASYLUM, 13. MOISTURE, 14. TERR, 7. ASYLUM, 5. RESENT, 6. MUL- GREEKS, 4. TREATY, 5. RESENT, 6. REPO- VERS, 3. 23. SODDEN, DOWN, 22. INTEREST, MOTHER, 21. HONOUR, 19. IMPOSE, 20. STORMY, 14. DRENCH, 11. SOCIETY, 12. SPHERE, 10. BETTER, 11. SOCIETY, 12. ACROSS, 1. BRIGHT, 8. REVENUES, 9.

BRILLIANCE IN BRASS

Saturday, November 8th, 1969, 8 p.m. in the Cleary Auditorium, Windsor, Ont. Tickets \$2.00, available from The Salvation Army, 236 University Ave., W. Windsor, Ont.

Coming Events

Commissioner and Mrs. C. Wiseman

New Westminster, B.C. Congress, Fri. Sun., Oct. 10-12. Edmonton, Alberta Congress, Fri.-Mon., Oct. 17-20; St. John's Citadel, Fri.-Mon., Oct. 24-27; Toronto, Metro-Toronto Congress, Sat.-Mon., Nov. 1-3; Toronto A(SAL annual meeting (morn.), Ottawa, Social Conference (evening), Fri.-Mon., Nov. 7-10; Sat.-Sun., Nov. 8-9

Colonel and Mrs. Geoffrey Dalziel

North Bay, Northern Ontario Congress, Fri.-Mon., Oct. 10-13; Germany, Red Shield Service Centres, Wed. Sat., Oct. 15-25; Toronto, IDYS (s conference), Mon., Nov. 3; Ottawa (social officers conference), Fri.-Mon., Nov. 7-10

Colonel and Mrs. Alfred Simester

Collingwood, Sun., Nov. 2

Colonel Frank Moulton: Halifax Citadel, Sun., Oct. 12

Colonel and Mrs. Frank Moulton: Regina, Manitoba and Saskatchewan Congress, Fri.-Sun., Oct. 17-19; Belleville, Mid-Ontario Congress, Fri.-Sun., Oct. 24-26

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Peter Lindores: St. Thomas, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 25-26

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Moulton: Burlington, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 11-12

Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Sharp: Danforth, Toronto, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 18-19

Brigadier Thomas Ellwood: Chatham, Sun., Oct. 12 (morn.), Willowdale, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 13-14

Brigadier and Mrs. Ernest Feller: Kitchener, Sun., Oct. 26

Brigadier Doris Fisher: Sarnia, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 18-19; Rowntree, Tues., Oct. 28

Brigadier and Mrs. Melville Hamilton: Toronto Harbour Light, Wed., Oct. 29

Brigadier and Mrs. James Sloan: New Waterford, Sat., Oct. 11; Sydney Mines, Sun., Oct. 12; New Glasgow/Pictou, Sun., Oct. 19; Yarmouth, Sat., Oct. 25; Liverpool, Sun., Oct. 26

Major and Mrs. Joe Craig: Mount Dennis, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 18-19

Major Margaret Green: Owen Sound, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 18-19

TERRITORIAL EVANGELISTS

Major and Mrs. William Davies: North Sydney, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 11-12; Sydney, Tues.-Wed., Oct. 14-15; Whitney Pier, Thurs.-Sun., Oct. 16-19; New Glasgow, Sat.-Mon., Oct. 25-27; Truro, Tues.-Wed., Oct. 28-29; Kentville, Thurs.-Fri., Oct. 30-31; Windsor, N.S., Sat.-Sun., Nov. 1-2

Captain William Clarke: Miracle Valley, Tues.-Thurs., Oct. 14-16; White Rock, Fri.-Sun., Oct. 17-19; Powell River, Tues.-Thurs., Oct. 28-30 Nov. 6

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

Marriages:

Aux.-Captain Walter Gerard, out of New Waterford, N.S., on October 4th, 1961, and now stationed at Sherbrooke, Que., to Brigadier Dorothea Adnum (R) out of Point St. Charles, Montreal, Que., on June 24th, 1929; at Montreal, Que., on August 30th, 1969, by Brigadier Arnold Hicks.

Aux.-Captain Albert Murkin, out of Lethbridge, Alta., on May 25th, 1966, and now stationed at Wetaskiwin, Alta., to Major Joyce Belbin, out of Carbonear, Nfld., on July 6th, 1944, and last stationed at Calgary Grace Hospital; at Calgary, Alberta, on September 10th, 1969, by Brigadier Kenneth Rawlins.

Promotions:

To be Captain
Lieutenant Donna Bent, Lieutenant Joyce Cole, Lieutenant David Pitcher

Appointments:

Brigadier James Wilder, Peterborough, Correctional Services Officer; Major Frederick Brightwell, West Toronto; Major Ivan McNeilly, Guelph; Captain David Pitcher, Mount Pearl

Clarence Wiseman

Territorial Commander



Congratulations to Senior-Major and Mrs. John Bond (R), who will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary on October 22nd.

* * *

Adjutant Fred H. Watts of 6412 Dufferin Avenue, Burnaby, B.C. who is confined to his home, is an avid stamp collector and would like to exchange with those who share this interest. He would also be grateful for supplies of foreign stamps which he sells to raise money for the annual Self-Denial Appeal.

Women's UNIFORMS

Measurement charts and cloth samples will be sent upon request

MADE-TO-MEASURE SPEAKER UNIFORMS

Material	Uniforms	Extra Skirt	Material	Uniforms	Extra Skirt
No. 6 Serge	\$65.00	\$16.00	L-573 Dark Serge	70.00	19.00
735 Serge	65.00	16.00	13 Fine Serge	75.00	22.00
L-573 Serge	70.00	19.00	13 Heavy Serge	75.00	22.00

Over-size 44 — \$3.00 extra

READY-MADE UNIFORMS

DACRON SPEAKERS — Two piece — American style collar — button front — no belt — two outside pockets — six-gored skirt.

Sizes 10 to 24, 10 1/2 to 24 1/2.

Price

\$35.00

CREPE DRESS — Zipper to waist, and zipper side opening, regulation collar and epaulets

Made-to-measure

27.00

30.00

If above desired with high collar and epaulets

extra

6.00

All Trim Extra

SHEER DRESS — 1/4 length zipper-front closing — soft collar — no epaulets.

Sizes 8 to 46, 12 1/2 to 22 1/2.

Price

Oversize

15.00

16.50

THE SALVATION ARMY TRADE DEPARTMENT

259 Victoria Street, Toronto 205, Ontario

Runaway from home

THE girl cleaning windows shivered. Her legs, certainly, were tucked inside the room out of reach of the early morning breeze, but her print-clad body caught the nip of the wind. She shuddered again at a slight noise; the churchyard was on the other side of the wall and who knew what lurked there? Her hand clutching the clammy wash-leather slowed in its work. She turned at a repetition of the gravel-crunching. Then she jerked to attention as the quiet of the Sunday morning was broken again by the click of the latch.

Up flung the window and Harriet disappeared. A moment later she threw open the side door and ran to meet a shabby woman, dressed in what obviously had once been someone else's best.

"Eh, but Ah throwt yo' were a ghostie, mother! And what in blazes are yo' doing here?"

"That's what Ah might say to yo', ye unashamed runagate hussy!" The woman in rusty black pushed in at the door, in spite of Harriet's reluctance to let her pass.

"Ah'm coming in out o' t' cold and no call to let everyone know our business. Ah'll not stand here wi' all t' gravestone gawping at me, any road." Determinedly she shouldered the girl aside.

Too dull

Willing or not willing, Harriet went with her into a chilly passage, stone-flagged and dark. In the half-light her mother looked her up and down.

"So this is where yo're hiding yourself, miss, away from a good home and mother." Harriet found her voice.

"Good home!" The girl tossed her head. "Not even a pigsty—and not as much life."

"Yo' ungrateful wench" shrilled the woman. "Any gate, now Ah've found yo', its back you coom to Barnsley, or Ah'll know the reason why."

"That'll yo' know fast 'nough. It's too dull for me, and Ah'm not cooming so there. And shut your mouth, can't yo'? Yo'll wake t' missus and there'd be a fine do if she knew Ah'd been cleaning her precious windows on a Sunday morning."

"Well, why are yo', anyway?"

"Just because Ah went to a shindy last neet, and couldn't get them done before Ah went. What's t' matter, any road? They're done now—Sunday or Monday makes no difference. Ah don't suppose they'll suit her, fussy old hen."

Harriet chuckled reminiscently, the argument of the moment forgotten. Her mother stood waiting,

hoping there might be some sign of relenting.

"Gave me a little pan one day and said Ah was to sweep t' stairs dahn. Ah was such a dumb fool Ah throwt t' pan was to make a pudding in and stood there like an idiot, wondering what it had to do wi' t' stairs."

Her gabble of talk died away. The girl, good-looking, strong-willed, surveyed her mother. In the dim light her tired face, lined and weak, had no appeal. She decided anything was better than the apology for a home in Barnsley, England, and the well-meant parental restrictions.

"Ah'll not come back" she asserted again "and yo'll have to go now. She'll be wanting her tea" and she looked apprehensively along the passage.

With no further protest the little woman backed to the door.

Orange Harriet

a serial story by Dorothy Joy

Her battle with the girl was lost before it even started, in spite of her courageous show at the beginning of the contest. Harriet always had been too much for her. She might just as well never have tramped all the miles from home in the dark night.

This victory does not say much for Harriet. But it does prove that when she wanted a thing she usually managed to get it. She had wanted independence when she ran away from home, although she had not much stock-in-trade with which to start life on her own.

She could neither read nor write. She knew nothing of housework. How could she, when home consisted of a chilly room where her parents and the rest of the family struggled for existence?

When she was six years old she had sold sand scourers in the villages near Barnsley in Yorkshire. The sand she collected from the quarries, the sticks she bought from a local dealer. Most of the house-proud Yorkshirewomen in her district knew young Harriet and not many of them could get the better of her bargain. She was persevering. Many a time her bare feet were sore and frostbitten with the cold and snow, but she stuck at her job. So much so that before she was fifteen years old she could "addle" as much as a pound a week.

Her venturesome spirit irked at the monotony of her life and when she was fifteen she and a pal, with twopence-ha'penny between them, set out on their own. Somehow or other they managed

to keep out of trouble in Dewsbury, their first stopping-place, and eventually reached Huddersfield. The best—or worst—of it was that no one knew where she had gone!

Now she was making something of a show in her struggle for self-assertion, even if it did involve learning a bit of housecleaning. She was not going to have her little game spoiled because her mother had found her out.

By herself again, Harriet turned her hands to the necessary tea-making, her mind full of plans for the future. These resulted on her next half-day in a visit to her companion in these mad-brained escapades.

Hands linked, she and Martha strolled down to the Market Square. They thought that their feather-trimmed hats, curled and frizzed hair, tight-waisted dresses, with a suspicion of a bustle, looked in the latest fashion; no one would think them respectable servant-girls!

"Ah'll have to be off, Martha. Mother found me here on Sunday morning. Walked all t' way

to be best-paid minder o' t' lot."

"Mrs. Bassingthwaite's aunt wants a kitchenmaid, and she doesn't mind what time her staff cooms in. She's deaf and anyway spends most of her time in bed" contributed Martha.

"The place for me, that is" giggled Harriet. "Yo' put in a word for me." And Harriet's next step was settled.

Nights out were easy to manage, even if not always according to schedule. Who was to know except her room-mate, and she was accommodating enough to sleep heavily and decidedly the whole night through. So the local amusement haunts were well known to Harriet.

At a dancing-saloon one night hefty miners, hair greased like shining leather, hands ingrained with coal-dust, circled about with blowsy factory hands and giddy domestics who fancied they were seeing life. Harriet paired off with a young chap who worked in the Oaks Colliery and who knew Harriet's home in Baker Street, Barnsley.

It was not long before Harriet was throwing up her life of independence and going home—but only because she was going to be married. No surrender for her! Very carefree she felt and not at all fearful of the responsibilities of married life. Maybe the casualness of her own upbringing did not help her to any seriousness in her approach to her wedding.

"No more grousing, no more soapsuds, no more do-this-do-that! My time'll be my own and Ah'll let Jim know who's boss—and it won't be him." Thus spoke the bride-to-be.

(To be continued)



As Harriet was cleaning the window, her mother arrived unexpectedly.